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by **bunniefuu** Posted: **04/27/01 20:59**

[David's. The g*ng's all there:Brian, Justin, Debbie, Ted, Emmett, Mel, Lindsay, andGus. They're all gathered together to watch slides ofMike's and David's trip to Paris. Mike narrates in thesnootiest voice known to mankind.]

Michael: Here we are in front of the Arc de Triomphe. Andhere we are in front of the Sacré-Coeur. Here we are infront of the Tomb.

Emmett: [whispers to Ted who's already asleep] Lucky him.He's dead(!)

[Emmett's about to join him. Brian and Justin are makingout. Mel and Lindsay are trying not to look at each otherand failing miserably. Debbie, of course, is the only onepaying attention.]

Debbie: [to Brian and Justin] Would you two cut it out?

Michael: Ma, you're interrupting.

Debbie: I hated when couples were make out in front ofme.

Brian: It's French. We're frenching.

Michael: And which that, David and Michael being a duethrough Paris.

[The last slide is of the word "fin"]

Michael: Fin. That means the end.

Emmett: Bon. That means 'good.'

David: Well I hope everyone wasn't too bored.

Ted: No, are you kiddin'? I haven't been that entertainedsince Gandhi.

Debbie: Oh, just look like the trip of a lifetime.

Brian: Yeah it sure felt that long.

Michael: The thing you need to know about Paris is notdining at Louis-Carton or shopping at the Rue de Suplice.It's the little things, like sharing a baguette whilestrolling sur la Seine.

Debbie: That sure de what, honey?

Michael: The Seine, mother.

Justin: [to Debbie] It's a river.

Debbie: That's honey.

Michael: Would anyone more vin rouge?

Ted: Lucy, you wouldn't know the difference between vinrouge and Listerine.

Emmett: Look, all I know is did you meet CatherineDeneuve?

Ted: [to Michael] Oh god, I love her.

Michael: No, but we've met these wonderful couple inVersaile.

Brian: Let me guess: Louis and Marie.

David: No, Jean-Pierre and Yvette.

Michael: They had the most fabulous Maison in the 16th.Oh, try the Brie.

Debbie: It tastes like c*m! Where is the Cheddar?

[Mel'ssitting beside Lindsay]

Mel: Hey, mind if I join you?

Lindsay: No.

Mel: Hey sweety. Hi. Oh, he gots bigger everytime I seehim.

Lindsay: Well, it's all that delicious French baby foodGuillaume makes him.

Mel: So, this arrangement's working out for you.

Lindsay: Yeah, better than I thoughed.

Mel: Honey, even if you don't want to listen to me assomeone who cares about you, I wish you'd at least takemy legal advice.

Lindsay: Actually we're getting married a week fromtoday.

Mel: What did he do, knock you up?

Lindsay: No, his deportation papers came yesterday. So wehave to do it now. Michael can perform in the ceremony.It's kind of weird, because no-one will be there.

[Outside, as she, Brian, andT&E are leaving]

Mel: I am freaking out!

Brian: Why, because she didn't ask you to be Maid ofHonor?

Mel: You think this is funny? They goin' through with itnext week.

Ted: It's not that they really getting married.

Emmett: It's still that he can be in the country.

Mel: What if he never leaves? What if he becomes apermanent fixture?

Brian: What if my aunt had ba*ls? She'd be my uncle.

Mel: Nah, it's too late. It's all my fault. There is nota damn good thing I can do about it.

[Back inside the house, Mikewatches David clean up and shakes his head]

Michael: Can't we leave that for Magdalena? That is whywe pay her.

David: Well, you know me; I can't sleep untileverything's put away.

Michael: You're so a**l.

David: Lucky for you.

[Michael kisses David.]

David: Careful, careful. What was that for?

Michael: I don't believe I ever thanked you properly forshowing me the best time of my life.

David: Well, I don't believe I ever thanked you either,for letting me show you. Can you believe Ted snoring?

Michael: I thought he was building a log cabin. Thoseguys have no idea that there is a world outside ofLiberty Avenue.

David: Well you didn't either until last week. This cabis great. We should order this in case and services forSenator Baxter.

Michael: You think I should invited them?

David: Who?

Michael: My mom, Uncle Vic and the guys.

David: I thoughed you didn't want to.

Michael: I thoughed you didn't want me to.

David: I said it's been fine as long as Brian behavedhimself.

Michael: Well, I think fundraisers aren't there thing.

David: Senator Baxter is very supportive of g*y issueswhich should be everybody's thing.

Michael: I just don't know if they'd be comfortablearound our other friends, and a state Senator.

David: Then you may the right decision.

[St. James. Justin and Daphnewalk into school]

Daphne: Every club is allowed to meet except our club.It's not fair!

Justin: Welcome to the real world, Daphne. Nobody gives ashit about a g*y/Straight Alliance.

Daphne: That's not true! Look how many guys came!

Justin: Like eight people in two, I count them. And theyonly came because we give them condoms.

[Justin and Daphne round the corner right inside thebuilding, and someone has set Justin's locker on fire and

scrawled, "f*gs die" on it in blood red.]

Guy: Stupid f*gg*t. You like that, f*g? Stick that inyour a*s, f*gg*t.

[Justin tries to open the locker, but burns his hand.]

Guy: You deserve it. Burn, f*g.

[Meanwhile, Brian, Emmett, andTed stroll down an unnamed Pittsburgh arrondissement.]

Emmett: Can you believe how he's carry on?

Ted: Sur la Seine. I nearly choked on my pâté.

Brian: He's just dazzled. Give him a couple of days at LeGrand Q-Mart. He'll come back down to earth.

Ted: I don't know. Every since he's with David I guesshe's have this whole new life.

Emmett: Please, he was my roommate for two years. Now Idon't nearly seen him.

Ted: We must beg him to come out into Bars...

Brian: and he won't f*cking return my calls.

[Emmett stops them both in the street. Directly in frontof them is a gold Miata.]

Emmett: Oh, my god! Would you look at that?!

Ted: Who would drive a golden Miata?

Brian: With the top down?

Emmett: in the middle of winter.

Michael: How do you like it?

Ted: (frowns) Oh, this is yours?

Michael: David got it for me.

Emmett: He... he broughed you a f*cking car?!

Michael: Check out the plate.

Brian: "CP ASTRO." That's cute.

Michael: What do you think of the color? I was worriedthat the gold might be a tad showy.

Ted: No, you wouldn't want that.

Brian: You know, I called you this morning but you didn'tcall me back.

Michael: Well, I was really busy.

Emmett: You want to go to the gym with us?

Michael: I can't. I meet David at our sports club.

Brian: Well, what are you doin' tonight?

Ted: How about come Woody's with us?

Michael: Sorry, no can do. We have reservations atPappagano with Bobo and Melisande.

Ted: (laughs) With Bobo and Melisande?

Emmett: Sounds like a couple of drag queens.

Michael: Bobo is a broker. We have our investments withhim. (his cell phone rings) Hi, honey. Yeah, don't worry.I just picked them up and I already spoke to the cater.

Emmett: Having a party?

Michael: It's just... it's just a couple of David'sfriends for dinner. Well, I'll better be goin'. See you.

[Brian's at the Happy Fun House.Watching Lindsay try on her wedding dress.]

Lindsay: So, what do you think?

Brian: It's like a movie. A horror movie.

Lindsay: Guillaume still has to fit it for me. He's greatwith a needle and thread.

Brian: Is there anything he can't do?

Lindsay: Charm my friends?

Brian: I didn't know he was tryin'.

[Guillaume breezes in with a bunch of boxes.]

Brian: Well, if it isn't Coco Chanel.

Gui: Company. Aren't we lucky?

Lindsay: [to Gui] What do you think?

Gui: Well, it's goin' to take a lots of work but it wouldbe a vision by the timeline score.

Lindsay: Thanks.

[Gus screams]

Brian: I'll get him.

Gui: That's okay. He's used to me.

Brian: So what does the groom gonna be wearing?

Lindsay: Very conserative. Very traditionell, black tux.We can't take any chances. It has to look real.

Brian: This is a f*cking farce.

Lindsay: You don't have to loose your temper.

Brian: Why not? You've lost your mind.

Lindsay: Well, I never thoughed I see myself in of these.Although I've often dreamed of being a bride. It's true.I suppose even d*kes can't escape that fantasy.

Brian: Only, you're marrying the wrong person.

Lindsay: You're never asked me.

Brian: I mean Melanie.

Lindsay: Well, last time I checked we're live inPittsburgh, not Vermont. And at any rate, it's too late.Mel and I are finished.

Brian: She doesn't think so. In fact, the only thing shethinks about is you. She blames herself for everything.

Lindsay: Well, she's wrong. Because it's me. Because Ipushed her away. Why would you push away someone youlove?

[Guillaume comes back in]

Gui: Sorry for taking so long. He is being...very fussy.Alright, should we start at the gown.

[Debbie's. Jennifer's there.]

Justin: Everything was destroyed. My drawings, my books.

Jen: You know who did it?

Justin: I can guess. Chriss Hobbs.

Vic: I say we go beat the sh*t out of him.

Debbie: Hey, trying be constructive.

Vic: I thoughed I was.

Jen: Did you tell the principal?

Justin: He doesn't care. It's all because of that group.

Jen: What group?

Debbie: Justin and Daphne try to start a g*y/StraightStudent Alliance.

Justin: Yeah, but they shut us down because we go to theproper chanel.

Vic: Even if you had it an inpropriate would make anydifference.

Debbie: Do you have to piss on the kids idea?

Vic: He might as known the truth.

Justin: We just wanted a place where we could talk. Wecouldn't even have that.

Jen: Well, considering what's happening maybe it's thebest you don't... try attention to yourself?

Justin: You want me to hide?

Jen: I want you to be safe!

Justin: So, you just want me to run away. Let themintimidate me my whole entire life?

Debbie: You still take up for yourself, sunshine. And youstand beside him!

Jen: Debbie, would you please stay out of it?

Debbie: I forgot. He just eats, sleeps, and jerks offhere. I'll keep my big mouth shut.

Justin: Mom, this isn't about me, or even what happenedat school. This is about speaking out, demanding to beheard, whether people want to hear you or not.

Jen: Where you learned all that?

Justin: That's what you and dad told me.

Jen: We did?

Debbie: Well, as sure as hell, he certainly didn't learnit at the St. James Academy.

[David and Michael's place. Briangets out of the Jeep and walks up to the garage, whereMichael is spit-shining the Miata.]

Brian: So how was dinner with Bobo and Melisande?

Michael: Melisande is a hoot, and Bobo is like, thesmartest person I've ever met. You'd love him.

Brian: Uh-huh.

Michael: Could you now lean on that? I just got thatpolishing it.

Brian: Sorry. So, why haven't you introduced any of yournew best friends to any of your old best friends?

Michael: Who's had this time? You know we're just getback from Paris.

Brian: You went to Paris? God, I hadn't heard.

Michael: f*ck off!

Brian: Yeah, maybe you like that.

Michael: What?

Brian: Now that you have this fabulous new life...

Michael: That's bullshit.

Brian: Is it? You missed a spot. How long have I knownyou? Forever. I don't think it's bullshit.

Michael: Could you move it?

Brian: The trip and the clothes and the car. They'reboring. You're boring.

Michael: Boring? I have to think I've become a veryinteresting person.

Brian: You've become a f*cking little snot.

Michael: Why, because I finally have a life?!

Brian: Whose life? Yours? Or his?

[The Principal's Office.]

Jen: Justin tells me over the past couple of months, he'sbeen physically attacked, harassed, called

names, andnothing has been done to stop it.

Dr.Perkins: Mrs.Taylor, I can assure you that I had knownabout it, I would never have tolorated such behavior.

Jen: Well he also said he tried to start a club for Gayand Straight Students and you refused to allowed to meet.

Dr.Perkins: As one of the teachers already explained toJustin, he didn't go through the proper chanels.

Jen: And what are the proper chanels?

Dr.Perkins: Well, first he have to get approval from theschool board, of which I am the head. And then he wouldhave to seek approval for the meeting room, find afaculty advisor, none of which Justin bothered to do.

Jen: Well, I'm sure he would bothered when he wouldknown. So, where are the forms? We can fill them outright now.

Dr.Perkins: Mrs. Taylor, as you know, St. James is aprivate academy. We're not required to make allowancesfor everyone and everything. That's why parents sendtheir children to this school -- for the specialenvironment, and the outstanding education. Which Justinis getting. When he puts his mind to it.

Justin: What is have to do with the g*y/StraightAlliance?

Dr.Perkins: Suppose I gave you permission to organzisedyour club. And then another student wanted to start aclub for, say, white uprem*cists. Should I allow that,too?

Jen: Excuse me, Dr.Perkins? But I have find thatextremely offensive.

Dr.Perkins: Some of our parents would be hard-pressed tosee the distinction.

Jen: Well, I'm hard-pressed to see the similarity!

Dr.Perkins: Not everyone is as accepting of your son'ssexual preference as you are.

Justin: It's not a preference.

Jen: I was that way first to. Which is why it's importantthat they learn.

Dr.Perkins: Mrs.Taylor, they are more important lessonsto be taughed here!

Jen: Than tolerance?

[Liberty Diner. Vic finds TheBoys' booth.]

Vic: Anyone seen a certain hot item in the local gaypaper.

Emmett: Is my ad still running?

Vic: 'If you've got it, I'll sit on it.' Is that you? Imean, this.

Ted: I don't think I open this paper from the front.

Brian: "A fundraiser are holding for Senator DianeBaxter be held by Dr. David Cameron and Mr. MichaelNovotny."

Debbie: What? Let me see that!

Guy: Hey, can we have the food?

Debbie: Eat the bread! Oh, my God, my baby is in highsociety!

[Michael, dressed to the nines in a black turtleneck andleather jacket, walks in just as she's saying that.]

Vic: Oh and here is our hosted with the lowetest.

Debbie: Why didn't you tell me about it this?

Emmett: Entertaining a senator.

Brian: A kind of society lady.

Ted: But don't show your slides about Paris.

Michael: This is just a little thing that David startingit. I think he gave the Senator an adjustment, once.

Guy: Can we please have our food?

Debbie: It's salat! It's not like gonna get cold! Ohshit, what I wear to meet a senator?

Emmett: Oh, I think I wear my orange suit with his newlime-green tie.

Ted: Oh understement, you had style to go. How about youBrian?

Emmett: Armany, Senia, Prada?

Brian: Nada? I wasn't invited.

Debbie: Of corse your invited. We're all invited, righthoney?

Michael: Well, it's going to be really stuffy. No fun atall. And you have to make a contribution.

Debbie: So? How often you get the chance to meet theSenator?

Michael: But you have to work!

Debbie: I take it off!

Michael: Look, it just isn't your thing, okay?! So justdrop it! Okay, please can I get the turkey meat loaf togo?

Debbie: OK, sweety. I just service this diner.

Michael: I go to the washer.

Brian: Say Ted, as my accountant, what do you think aboutme increasing my political contributions?

[David's and Michael's place. TheFundraiser's on. David and his spawn are schmoozing withthe Senator, a good-looking woman in her fifties with adramatic shock of white hair.]

Senator: And I have to thank you, David to open up yourbeautiful home to us.

David: Well thank you, Senator, for your ongoingcommitment for the g*y rights.

Senator: Believe me, if it were up to me, you and Michaelwould be celebrating your wedding reception right now.

David: Let's drink to that.

Senator: If you excuse me. I should do what I'm supposedto do with these affairs and warm ups and donations.

Michael: The last party I went to, we watched, I Don'tGive a sh*t What You Did Last Summer and drank beer andate nachos.

David: Now, you're sipping champagne, eating caviartarts, and entertaining a Senator.

[off-scream voice]: I hope we're not too late, I hate tomiss the crudités!

[Fast pan into Mike's face as he turns around and shocks]

Michael: Oh, sh*t!
[Cut to a new group at the door: The Boys plus Debbie.Emmett's dressed in drag as 1963 Jackie Kennedy, all the way down to the pink coat. Ted's done up in leather.Justin and Brian are dressed for a night at Woody's.Justin's, like, wearing a shirt that only covers his upper chest. Vic's pimped out in the latest in '70scruise wear; Debbie's sporting a loose red muumuu outfit,complete with red heart-shaped sunglasses.]

Debbie: Jesus, this place looks like a wake. Who died?

Brian: Hey Novotny.

Michael: What are you doin' here?!

Debbie: We couldn't missed that party for the world,sweetheart.

Ted: And we think our invitations must have gotten lostin the mail.

Emmett: Damn the postal service. I'm going to write mySenator.

Justin: You don't have to. She's here.

Michael: This is a private benefit; you can't just breakin!

Vic: 'Break in'?! We're family. Not bandits.

Brian: Here is a little cheque, doc. I think it's enoughto cover all expenses. Nice try, Mikey. Excuse me.

Ted: c*ck?

Emmett: Or two or three.

[Michael and David are alone]

Michael: I am so sorry, David. I can't believe it thatthey would show an uninvited.

David: I don't think the Senator wouldn't mind if she seethe size of contribution.

Justin: This music sucks d*ck!

[Justin lights a cigarette. He crosses the room to thestereo, presumably to see what else is available.]

Man: I believe it's jazz fusion.

Justin: Yeah, in physics, fusion is supposed to cause ablast. Like, this.

[He changes a channel or something to techno music.Justin sidles up to Suit Guy]

Justin: You wanna dance?

Guy: I don't dance.

Justin: You do now.

[Justin drags him into the middle of the living room.Debbie and Vic seek out Senator Baxter.]

Debbie: Senator Baxter?

Senator: Yes, I am.

Debbie: Oh, I saw you in "Out". I'm DebbieNovotny. And this is my brother Vic. I'm Michael'smother. You know, our host.

Senator: Yes, and he's a very charming young man.

Vic: We used to think so.

[Back in the living room. Michael and David.]

Michael: Oh God, they cornerd the Senator. We have tosave her!

David: She's a politician. She can talk her way out ofanything.

[Ted's trying to make time with another guy in a suit.]

Ted: Hey, how you're doin'? You get your drink? You wannadance?

Guy#2: I'm not into leather.

Ted: Yeah you know, neither was I. Then I ran into thisold school friend who shackled me in his dungeon and mademe his suck-p*g.

[Cut to Justin and Suit One grinding away in the livingroom. Cut to Brian forcing the waiter to drink a martini.Cut to Michael horrified. Cut to Emmett, talking to SuitsThree, Four, Five, and Six]

Emmett: Black and blue, it's fine for bruises, boys, butwhen you come to a party, you need a little color. Nowyou -- oh, my Lord, who dressed you, Morticia Addams? --now, you have a fabulous bubble butt. But it's not goingto do you any good if you don't show it off. You to. Thislady is a tr*mp, and tonight, Jack's not the only onegetting lucky.

[The Happy Fun House. Lindsay'sin bed, holding Gus, who's a tad bit fussy, but so cute.]

Mel: Hello?

Lindsay: Hi, it's me. I know it's late.

Mel: Is everything alright?

Lindsay: It's Gus. He's one of his moods.

Mel: I remember his moods.

Lindsay: Look, you're the one with the magic touch; wouldyou mind?

Mel: Over the phone?

Lindsay: I'll try everything.

Mel:

The moment I wake up

Before I put on my makeup

I say a little prayer for you

While combing my hair now

And wondering what dress to wear now

I say a little prayer for you

Foreverand ever

You'll stay in my heart

And I will love you

Forever and ever

We never will part #

Mel: Did it work?

Lindsay: Like a charm. He's still the only one thatappreciates your singing.

Mel: What? I have a lovely voice!

Lindsay: You don't barely care!

Mel: That's not true!

Lindsay: Yeah, it is.

Mel: Yeah, it is.

Lindsay: Listen, thanks for helping. Night.

[Back to the fundraiser, whichhas turned into Bablyon Uptown. The suits have turnedinto HDGBs. Brian's making out with the waiter in acorner. Jackie's shaking her groove thing in the middleof Suits Three, Four, and Five. Another waiter makes hisway through the dancing masses with a shrimp c*ck perfectly on a tray. He trips. And falls. Rightinto Emmett and his cute little pink suit. Brian leadsthe waiter, who doesn't seem particularly worried aboutgetting fired, up the stairs.]

Michael: Brian!

Brian: Don't worry. I'm just giving him a tour of yourlovely home.

Debbie: [to the Senator] I say, kick those Republicansright in the ba*ls, except they haven't got any!

Michael: Ma, could you stop monopolizing the Senator'stime.

Debbie: I'm sorry, Diane.

Michael: 'Diane'?!

Senator: Michael, your mother is a remarkable woman! Iattend a lot of fundraisers, and don't get me wrong,everyone means well, but they're usually very boring. Butnot this one! I have to tell you, I'm having a ball!

Michael: Ma, can I talked to you a second?

Debbie: Sure, honey. Excuse me, Diane.

[Michael still pulls his mother aside.]

Debbie: Sunshine, tell Diane about the club you startedit. This is one g*dd*mn brave kid. Talk to each other.

[Once they're safely in the middle of the freaking livingroom floor]

Michael: How dare you do this to me? And to David!

Debbie: Do what? I was just talking to Diane. Do you knowthat she worked as a waitress to take care of her family?

Michael: She was just been polite.

Debbie: Polite?

Michael: You actually think she wanted to spend herentire evening talking to you?

Debbie: Well, it's not like I nailed her to the floor.

Michael: I think you should all leave.

Debbie: This party was a stinker before we got here. Youshould be thanking us.

Michael: For embarrassing the hell out of me?!

[Ted, Emmett, Vic, Justin, David, and Diane are allstaring at him now]

Debbie: [nodds] I know that I'm a little hard to takesometimes. My jokes and my appearance, and my enthusiasm.Sometimes you're ashamed of me. That's okay. I'm yourmother, and that's part of the deal. But Michael, I neverthought the day would come when I would be ashamed ofyou.

[The next day at the market,Guillaume, holding Gus]

Gui: What do you mean, you haven't any white peaches? Oh,Pittsburgh!

[Guillaume walks past Brian, who notices them beforeGuillaume notices him. Brian starts playing with thebaby]

Brian: And he even does the shopping.

Gui: Look who's here, Gus. Your sperm donor. And youthought he had a job.

Brian: It's called lunch break.

Gui: You know you should put things in your mouth thatdon't washed?

Brian: You French. So hygienic. I'll take my chances.

Gui: You used to living at risk.

Brian: You know, you're taking quite a risk, yourself. Infact, if someone wanted to, they could...report you.

Gui: Yes. It would be trouble for me. I could be sentback to France. But it would mean far worse for Lindsay.She could be sent to jail, which isn't exactly the Côted'Azur.

Brian: Well, you're really shouldn't go through.

Gui: Oh, I tried stopping but believe me, but she is theone who go with it. You know what a big heart she had.

[He grabs a large zucchini]

Gui: What do you think?

Brian: Is it for dinner or is it for you?

[Brian reaches for Gus, but Guillaume tries to shunt himaside]

Gui: No, no, we have to go and make ratatouille.

Brian: f*ck you and your ratatouille. Give me my kid, orI'll shove that zucchini up your a*s.

Gui: Okay, just for a minute.

Brian: [whispers to Gus] You're right. I know. He smells.

Gui: I wish I had a camera to capture this rare moment.You know, once Lindsay and I are married, we'll need youto keep your distance. We've got to keep up appearances.I'm even thinking about adopting Gus. That way,everything would be nice and legal.

[Outside St. James. A nice littleprotest is going on, headed by Justin, Daphne, andDebbie. Everyone chants, "Hey hey! h* h*!h*m*'s got to go!" The principal rushes out]

Dr.Perkins: What's goin' on here?

Justin: We're protesting St. James's bigoted policy onschool clubs.

Dr.Perkins: Taylor, I had just enough of this!

Debbie: It's called Freedom of Assembly.

[Senator Baxter steps out of a car and walks up the driveas the Principal yells]

Dr.Perkins: This is private property. You're alltrespassing. I'm calling the police!

Debbie: You might stick around for this.

[Cut to a little bit later, as Senator Baxter holds apress conference on the steps of the school, under a bigole P-FLAG banner]

Senator: Justin Taylor tried to start a club to promotetolerance and understanding between g*y and StraightStudents. His attempt was denied, under the basis thatSt. James Academy was a private institution, and isn'trequired to acknowledge the voices of all it's students.Well, if private schools expect to receive publicdollars, then we can expect them to uphold the samevalues of freedom and civil rights on which this countryis based.

[Moving On. Later, Justin wakesup at Brian's in the middle of the night. Brian's not inbed, but Justin can hear the clink of glass againstdecanter in the living room. He gets up, and finds Brianstaring at a picture of himself and Gus.]

Justin: I love that picture.

Brian: Yeah. Dada and sonny-boy. All right, so I'm ashitty father. Are we surprised? I'm upholding a finefamily tradition.

Justin: You're not a shitty father. You love Gus.

Brian: You think I would? It's strange.

Justin: That there's someone else you care about besidesyourself?

[He tries to grab for the glass of vodka(?) but Brianpushes him away]

Brian: It's bad enough that you smoke at your age.

Justin: At my age? Brian, I'm the most mature person youknow. Do you think Gus is going to speak French before hespeaks English?

Brian: You wanna be go to bed?

Justin: Lindsay can't raise him on her own. As much asyou love him, you're never going to be a full-timeparent.

Brian: You know, if I wanted the news, I'd watch CNN.

Justin: You know, you can't control everyone's life, eventhough you'd like to.

Brian: Obviously. You're still here.

Justin: Being mean to me has never really worked. Youshould try another tactic.

[Justin starts kissing Brian's neck, and as much as Brianwould like to push him away, he just can't do it.]

Brian: What are you doin?

Justin: I'm k*lling you with kindness. It's proved to bea highly effective technique for achieving one's goals.

[The Happy Fun House. Lindsay andGuillaume are getting ready to go.]

Lindsay: You have his toys?

Gui: Yeah, in the bag.

Lindsay: Where are my keys?

Gui: Please, please hurry up. Appointments in twentyminutes.

Lindsay: I know when the appointment is!

[The doorbell rings. Guillaume looks outside]

Gui: Oh, melt! It's all me need. You have to get hurrywith them.

Lindsay: Alright, move, move. What are you here?

[Brian barges in, with Mel]

Mel: Look, I have no idea. He's bringing me over here.

Lindsay: We have to leave.

Mel: He said he has an accident.

Lindsay: An accident?

Brian: It was the only way.

Gui: Maybe some other time. We are late.

Brian: Are you goin' somewhere?

Gui: We get a marriage license when you excuse us.

Brian: It just take a minute.

Gui: No, we really must...

Brian: Sit down and shut up!

[Mel and Lindsay are sitting at the couch. Gui sitting inthe chair]

Lindsay: What is it?

Brian: Now, I don't want to hear any more sh*t about'This is my fault,' 'No, this is my fault,' 'I'm toblame,' 'No, I'm to blame,' 'I'm sorry,' 'No, I'm sorry.'

Mel: But it really is my fault.

Lindsay: No Mel, it was my fault.

Mel and Lindsay: No, it's my fault.

Mel: I worked this up in the therapy.

Lindsay: And so did I.

Brian: I said shut up! And f*ck therapy. This is the onlything that matters.

[He throws some papers on the coffee table.]

Lindsay: What's that?

Brian: It's my parental rights. I've signed them over toyou.

Mel: Oh my god, Brian...

Lindsay: Are you sure?

Brian: When I'm be doin' this when I doesn't?

Lindsay: But why?

Brian: Well, my son deserves two parents who will bethere for him and love him. And who love each other. So,the only way this deal works if the two of you get backtogether.

Mel: What is this? Some kind of bribe.

Brian: You could look at it that way. Or you could thinkof it as a very generous gift. But if you don't want it--

[He picks the document up off the coffee table.]

Lindsay: Do you still love me?

Mel: I never stopped. What do you think?

Lindsay: Yeah.

[They grin, they kiss]

Brian: OK, lightning around here. Can I have an answer?

Mel: Yes.

Lindsay: Yes.

Brian: Are you d*kes for Christ-sakes talk about?

Gui: And what about me?

Lindsay: Oh Gui, I'm sorry.

[Gui leaves the room. Brian holding Gus and waves Gus'hand.]

Brian: Say au revior, Gus.

[Debbie's. Senator Baxter ishanging out with The Boys Plus Debbie]

Senator: This is fabulous!

Debbie: Oh good. Sunshine, give us some food, weren't youbabe? I'm afraid it's not so fency as these little kaviarthing my son was serving.

Ted: Well, man and Senators cannot live by fancy caviarthings alone.

Senator: Oh, thanks. It's too bad Michael couldn't joinus.

Vic: These days coming over dues mothers that they'll benot his style.

Debbie: I'm sure he had other plans.

Ted: Yeah, like dinner with Bobo.

Emmett: And Melisande.

Brian: Well, f*ck him. [Debbie starred at him] Sorry,Senator.

Senator: It's okay. I've used that word myself. Usuallyfollowed by 'Bush.'

Ted: I drink to that.

Emmett: Let's all drink to that.

Senator: Let me make a toast, please. First of all to ourwonderful hostess, Debbie.

Debbie: Thank you.

Senator: And to little victories. At least Dr.Perkins isagreed to take the request of the school board.

Justin: Thanks, Senator Baxton.

[Wealthy man walks in, in the guise of Michael Novotny.Right down to the beat-up jacket and Charlie Brown shirt.They all stare at him.]

Debbie: Have a seat.

Michael: I can't... I can't stay.

Vic: You can't, or you don't want to?

Debbie: You eaten?

Michael: No.

Debbie: So pull up a chair. Sunshine, can you put Michaelsome food?

[Debbie stands up.]

Debbie: You little as*h*le. Sorry, Diane.

Senator: Oh, it's okay. I used that word too.

[She and Mike hug and kiss and try not to cry.]

[Justin walks out to find Briansmoking in the back yard.]

Brian: So it all worked out, happy ever after.

Justin: Thanks to the Senator.

Brian: Don't kid yourself. Senator's using you for moneyand votes. She move on to her next cause, the nextfundraiser. Then where will you be?

Justin: She said it's a small victory.

Brian: Well, don't think that you've won. That it's over.Because the minute you do that, you're dead.

[He kisses Justin with a lit cigarette in his mouth.]

Justin: [breathe out] Not as long as I've got you toprotect me.

[Brian slings an arm around his shoulder.]

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